Title: Ch. 4: The Lucky Hat

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It had been some time
since I made a foray into
the lands of Ilshenar, and
I had been asked to
journey there to deal
with a nest of Gazers. I
found dealing with them
to be of little difficulty,
and had summoned a fire
elemental to keep the
imps in the area from
me.
  I had nearly completed
my task, when I found
myself facing a furious
barrage of attacks from
a most devious Imp, a
Paragon, who had already
dispatched my Fire
Elemental. I recovered my
senses, and my posessions,
only to find one thing
missing: my lucky hat!
  Back through the
moongate I went, and
near the gazer nest, I
found the Imp, casually
chewing on the brim of
my hat. With a squeal
of rage, the beast threw
himself at me, but being
more prepared this time,
I easily fended him off,
And with a barrage of
attacks I soon had the
beast fleeing. I pursued
him, I know not how long,
and each time I thought
him done, he healed
himself, drawing from his
own internal stores of
energy and, I have no
doubt, the special qualities
of my hat. I did manage
to dispatch the beast,
and, exhausted, decided to
make my way home.
  I stopped by the Home

of the late Lord Goodman, whose home has been converted to an explorer's shrine of sorts, collecting runes to every corner of this amazing land. While there, I was instantly approached by a stranger in need of help.

"Care to join in a rescue?" he said, speaking quickly. "My friends are in a spot of trouble with some liches in the Fire Dungeon." and he quickly opened the runebook and with use of the chivalrous spell Sacred Journey, was gone. I opened a gate immediately after that, and jumped through. Two poor souls were standing vigil over their bodies, and their friend who had asked for my help was nowhere to be seen, no doubt pursuing the fiend who had waylaid his friends. I resurrected one of the two fallen warriors, who quickly began to gather his belongings. At that instant, We were assaulted by no less than four liches and two lich lords. We two would-be rescuers put up a bit of a fight, but found ourselves overwhelmed rather quickly. The archer I had revived began to dispatch those we had not gotten to yet, and as we stood by the battle scene, viewing it all through the veil of the afterlife, the rescuer said to me, a bit chagrined, "Sorry to get you in this mess..."

"I've had worse days," I replied flippantly, which elicited a chuckle from him.

Upon making the rounds, and securing the immediate area, the

Archer returned, and drawing on his chivalrous code, sacrificed his life force to return us to amongst the living. There were five of us now present and fit, and they thanked me for my assistance. I summoned a gate to take me back to Goodman's, and before it had fully coalesced, we were beset again. "Let's go!" my rescuer said. "I have summoned more help to join us!" With that, we passed through the gate. A lich lord sent a ball of flaming death towards me, searing my body with intense pain as I crossed the threshold. I made it through the gate...less my body, unfortunately.

My new friends were happy to resurrect me, and I thanked them as I prepared another gate to recover my body.

"I have armor for you to replace what you lost, friend," one of them said. " 'Tis not the armor I wish to recover, but My Lucky Hat...and a relic from my time in the Far East...Swords of Prosperity!" With that I left, and to my surprise, these strangers followed me into the fray!

I will spare myself the humiliation of the third time I fell to the Liches, except to say these friends stood vigil o'er my body, and with their help I recovered everything I had lost! I never learned their names, but I left them with hearty thanks, and pride in helping my fellow man...